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Sold by M. D. Christie.

The bad sweeper, on the other hand, goes to hell, where he is to be found in fire and wounds till the day of judgment. Between these two extremes is a kind of purgatory where the sweeper who is not good enough for the one place and not bad enough for the other undergoes a sort of probation which either kills or cures him.

Of Balmik, the great leader of one sect of sweepers and now himself, like Pir Jhota, a sweeper in the courts of heaven, the accounts differ so widely that it is difficult to identify him. It seems clear, however, that with the profession of sweeper he combined the recreation of poetry, and there is some amount of evidence in favor of his having been the author of the "Ramayana."

He is alternately represented as a low caste hunter of the Karnal Nardak and as a Bhil highwayman who was converted by a saint whom he was about to rob. There is a legend, too, that he laid down his life for the sweepers of Benares and induced the people of that city to admit sweepers into their presence, as they had never done before.

As for Lalberg, the other great leader, he takes us back at once to the days of Homeric myth. He was born from the coat of Balmik and suckled by a hare, in proof whereof Chubras to this day abstain from eating hares. On the other hand, Lalberg was also born of a pitcher, through the power of Abdul Kader Kilani, and when the Prophet Elias was turned into a sweeper for spitting on the saints in heaven it was Lalberg who relieved him.—Times of India.

Wise Beyond Her Years.

He was a curly headed boy with life before him. She was a little girl with a saucy pug nose, but wise, it would seem, beyond her years. The fact that she was nursing a doll with eyes that opened and shut with a click may have been his inspiration.

"Say, sister, I think I'd get married if I knew how."

"Oh, that's easy," replied the owner of the pug nose. "First you buy a diamond ring and give it to her, then you buy a gold ring like mamma's got and give that to her. And then you must buy her a watch for her birthday."

"An' what she give me?" expectantly asked the little chap.

"Why, nuthin', of course," smartly replied his little companion.

"Say, sister," he added, "I guess I won't marry."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Sioux Indian's Custom.

Among the Sioux Indians a common custom exists. When one family borrows a kettle from another, it is expected when the kettle is returned a small portion of the food that has been cooked in it will be left in the bottom. Should this custom be disregarded by any one, that person would never be able to borrow again, as the owner must always know what has been cooked in her kettle. A white woman on one occasion returned a scoured kettle, intending to teach a lesson in cleanliness, but her act became the talk of the camp as a fresh example of the meanness of the whites.

A Piece For His Dog.

Rossini lived before the day of special pleas for the dog, but he was sufficiently in advance of his time to recognize the equality if not the superiority of his own favorite beast. The Gentleman's Magazine says that the late Sir Arthur Sullivan made Rossini's acquaintance in Paris. One morning, when Sullivan called to see him, he found the composer trying over a piece of music.

"What is that?" asked Sullivan.

"It's my dog's birthday," Rossini replied gravely, "and I write a little piece for him every year."

Limited Guarantee.

Customer—I think this is what my daughter told me to get. You guarantee it to be one of the popular songs of the day? Music Dealer—Yes, sir; but, of course, I can't guarantee its popularity among your neighbors after your daughter has learned to sing it.—Chicago Tribune.

He Gets There.

Pecksniff—When the evil one starts out to tempt me I always say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and he gets there. Wiseman—Yes, when Satan starts out to tempt you he usually does "get there." Doesn't he?—Philadelphia Press.

Pins have been found among the Egyptian mummies and in the prehistoric caves of Switzerland.

Decorative palms, 5 leaf, 35c. Coal City House Furnishing Co.

The man who is long to the house, but a gentleman, it "demeaned" himself to servant for this.

The Russian servants will talk to follow servants, but never about their employers. Even when they quit one place and take service in another family they would never mention anything about their former masters. This discretion goes so far that even the law considers it. In Russia the law excludes servants as witnesses against their former or present employers so long, at least, as these servants are not suspected of having taken part in the crime.—London Mail.

SHORT TALKS.

A "terrible lot of love is wasted on cats, dogs and unmarried men."

So many people waste time! Do you do it? Do you talk, and talk about nothing?

How we all dislike the child that has its own way and is impudent! All of us need a great deal of training.

A good many people are like pie-plant—their good qualities are not known because no one handles them right.

When a woman's daughter marries a preacher she is more firmly convinced than ever that her children have advantages she did not enjoy.

If a woman truly loves her husband, when she is asked how he is she will say, "Well, he does not complain, but I do not think he is very well."

If you have a little hard sense it has probably been beaten into you; very few have it naturally. So that, after all, adversity and criticism are useful.—Aitchison Globe.

The Bear He Missed.

Telling in his book of some hunting experiences near the north pole, Captain Sverdrup wrote "Walrus and seals were harpooned and shot and also the large arctic hare, which seems to have contracted the peculiar habit of frequently running long distances on its hind legs. Hunting was not always easy, the atmosphere playing strange tricks with the eyesight, as witness the following account of the stalking of a bear: 'With the utmost caution, with his gun ready and his eye fixed inexorably on the bear, Seibel advanced to the spot. Meanwhile the bear sat wagging its head, but keeping a good lookout, it appeared, for when Seibel had come some twenty steps nearer it rose and flew away. It flew as well as any bird, which, after all, was not remarkable, for it was a glaucous gull.'"

An Important Difference.

Not long after a series of losses at sea on a certain steamship line two travelers were discussing transatlantic lines. One of the men preferred the C— line, the other the T— line, the one on which the repeated wrecks had occurred.

"There's one important difference," said the first, "that you don't seem to have considered, but which weighs strongly with me."

"What is that?"

"Why, the C— line guarantees to take you across, but the T— line guarantees to take you only as far as it goes."—Harper's Weekly.

He Found It.

"Always," said the astute news editor to the new reporter—"always be on the lookout for any little touch of humor that may brighten up our columns."

That Evening the New Reporter handed in an account of a burglary in a butcher's shop which commenced, "Mr. Jeremiah Clever, the well known butcher, has been losing flesh rapidly of late."

Sartorial Diversion.

"I expected to find that suit done," stormed the customer.

"Oh, well, here's the other suit, dun," said the tailor, who was a low wag, and who had a bill in his hand.—Buffalo Express.

They Manage to Escape.

She—So you think that men are master than women, do you? He—Some men, but not all. She—Well, what men are smarter? He—Old bachelors.—Illustrated Bits.

It's so easy to say—Hall's ice cream.

At all, our great exposition of culture has been made the product feature. At St. Louis it has been seriously dealt with. The Agriculture building is the largest in the grounds, covering 22 acres and having no less than seven miles of aisles and corridors. The visitor who walks through it faithfully will be ready to believe that seventy miles is nearer the actual distance, and no one really interested in agriculture can study it and take it in during a one-day's visit. It is not confined to the United States alone, since very many foreign countries have fine exhibits, but naturally enough the vast proportion of what is to be seen comes from this country. The placing side by side of not only the numerous products of the several States and Territories, but also those of other countries and climes, greatly adds to the interest and instructiveness of the exhibition.

Of course, the great staples, some of theme common to the whole country, others confined to certain sections, comprise the most important and striking display. Wheat, corn, cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar and wool loom largely to the front, but rye, oats, buckwheat, all the grasses and forage plants, fruits and vegetables—and all these in almost numberless varieties—contribute to this farmers' exposition. Each State and each section naturally makes most of its principal product, and usually it figures in the construction or ornamentation of its pavilion. Corn has the call in that line, however, and there are large and lofty structures which seem wholly composed of this great product. Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska fairly run riot with their corn, and there is enough of it employed to feed a good-sized town. Kentucky displays her tobacco, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas their cotton, Minnesota her flour, Oregon wheat, and so it goes. Wisconsin makes a specialty of her dairy products, and as a result there are cows and milkmaids and busts of distinguished citizens all deftly formed from rich, golden butter. It is possible that those whose artistic tastes are acutely developed might criticize these methods and ways of ornamentation, but they answer the purpose very well, and display the agricultural products of the nation to good advantage. Of course, this attempt at description gives but a most imperfect idea of the scene, nor is it possible to here enumerate the bewildering varieties of farm productions.

It has often been said that if a wall were built around the United States, and no foreign imports of any kind admitted within the inclosure, our people could from their own soil, cultivated beneath practically all climes save that of the tropics, produce everything needed for their maintenance and comfort. Leaving out of the question coffee and tea, and the latter is now being successfully raised in South Carolina, and certain spices, possibly, there seems to be nothing in the statement. Smacks of brag. All that do produce, not only in quantities for a great market, but also for a rapid.

BRYAN ON ILLINOIS DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM

CALLS CONVENTION A USURPATION OF POWER BY A SCIENCELESS GANG OF POLITICAL PIRATES.

LINCOLN, Neb., June 28.—Mentoring on the Illinois Democratic State convention in his Corner, W. J. Bryan declares it meets the Democrats have lost all carrying that State. He said it was not a convention; usurpation of power by a gang of political pirates. Democrats of Illinois, after successful fight at the primary, thus be robbed of their victory incentive is there to Illinois crats to study public question work for reform? The crowd have destroyed all success in Illinois this fall, but still a chance of appeal. tional convention, and should be taken. A convention is to be held, and the Democrats of Illinois should have a chance for its life. Democracy with a man like control. If he can stifle of the people this year, he indefinitely, and the soon repudiated the sooner the put on sound ground. convention is an appeal which the Democrats to be able to look for alleged that the same resorted to in Indiana ought to be contested also. The right of voters to control is one that can not out the demoralization of the people shall rule.

No man can learn himself if the learning to.

If a man is a fiction.